

SCHOOL FOR HOUSEWIVES

By Marion Harland

The Corner For Parents

A Warning to American Women Who Look Upon Children as Out of Fashion

THE subject of children, so dear to you and to me, seems to be out of fashion only so far as hard-hearted "presidents" are concerned to keep the fathers' wages down to starvation, so the children are obliged to work to help in the battle for life. I, too, am an Ohioan by birth, and know whereof I speak, the "ex-Ohio teacher" to the contrary notwithstanding. My brave ancestors helped to settle this country—Pennsylvania, Virginia and Ohio—for people to have homes to worship God in. They loved their neighbors and tried to help them to get along, instead of oppressing the working people and robbing them. (You have persistently taught in this column the religion of "saving." Don't complain if a man tried to follow the advice.)

A MOTHER.

There is a grain, and a big grain, of truth in the opening sentence of this letter. As I said sadly, if sarcastically, more than a year ago, parrot parrots, mangy mousers, distemper dogs and sick singing birds take precedence of human olive plants in the American household. That is, if one may judge from the hundreds of letters laid upon my desk weekly. Large families went out of fashion in the United States a quarter century ago.

I do not, as the manner of some is, lay the larger part of the blame for this phase of public opinion upon the "progressive woman." She may, and she does, parade her sentiments upon the subject on the platform and through the press. Woman, we learn from her, was created for higher ends than to bear and bring up children. The cares of the nursery are branded as "belittling," the circumscription of her natural sphere of action by the demands of her young and dependent offspring is violence done to her nobler nature. We all know how the philippics jingle and jangle. The cant of the guild is as stereotyped and violent as the ranting of a professional "revivalist." I may add that the one produces a little lasting effect upon the world in general as the other. The public listens and laughs, or applauds, as the case may be, then takes its own way, unmoved at heart or in action by either kind of cant.

It is not she who is known as the new woman who moulds social and domestic thought. Her will in this direction is good, her actual forces are weak. Apart from and holding no commerce with her are massed matrons who hardly know "advanced ideas" by name; rich women, middle-class women and poor women to whom maternity is not a terror, an evil to be averted by any and every means at their command.

A clever cartoon published some years ago showed a handsome woman in full dress leaning over the front of her opera box. Her husband, standing behind her, tried to direct her attention to a group of baby faces hovering in the background. Her gesture of abhorrence, her look of disgusted dread made superfluous the legend written above her head: "Suffer not little children to come unto me." Yet fashionable women are in the minority,

FOR THE BABY THAT SUCKS ITS THUMB

If you will allow me, I wish to offer a remedy to your correspondent—I forget the name. The request was "How to keep a child from sucking its thumb." I have had a good deal of experience, and take pleasure in offering a cure not at all painful. I have a set of mitts; put one on the hand that the child sucks and sew it to the dress sleeve. In the evening take a clean one and sew it on the night gown. Do not pin it, but sew it. It took me about two weeks to break one of my daughters of the habit. The child, playing at will, does not fret or worry, as the hand is free, but it must not be taken off except to change it for a clean one as occasion requires.

even in this country of fast fortune making and losing. If Madame Million repudiates the duty of maternity, dismissing motherhood as she discarded hoop petticoats when they went out in Paris, there remains a great multitude, which no man can number, of matrons of moderate means and modest ambitions, women who love their husbands, order their households wisely and go to church at least once on Sunday. Women who represent worthily what I name the Great Middle Class, with no invidious reference to mediocrity of education or refinement. The Middle Class that gives color, stamps character—nationality—to our country.

It has come to the evil pass in our generation that those composing the most influential and respectable body of American women are as unwilling as the dame of the clever cartoon to have little children come unto them. They read much, these women, and gather into clubs (excellent organizations, many of them) for mutual improvement. Social and political economy are terms as familiar to them as to their husbands; they make physical culture a specialty; they have high hopes and beautiful ideals of the future of a land whose laws a fair percentage of them would like to make or to have a hand (with the ballot) in making.

There is not one of them who would not despise her husband if he shirked the hardships, the daily labor, the patient toil and more patient waiting that lead to success in business life. Most of them disdain the citizen who is indifferent to the duty he owes his country.

Yet, as surely as the coral insect helps to construct the reef which is to grow into an island, each one of these women has her part to do in the formation of the history of the next hundred years. Hers is the business of making the citizens who are to guide the nation's destiny. The work is great. There is none greater. Her children are her business investments. They are worth all the toil, the privations, the anguish and the waiting which they cost. Her boys and her girls are her contribution to the nation.

The most solemn text in God's Word, to my apprehension, is this:

"Be not deceived. God is not mocked. Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

The Creator has set upon each wedded wife the stamp of His invisible purpose. That purpose cannot be ignored or lightly regarded without sin. If this great country of ours is denationalized before the sands of the new century have run out, American matrons will have an account to render to the Lord of the Harvest.

This is not bombast, but the partial utterance of what burns like a fire in my bones as I witness the growth of an evil which is like a sure, slow-creeping blight in homes and in communities. Illiterate foreigners number their children by the half dozen and the dozen. Native Americans have an average in the Southern and Middle States of three to a household, in New England of one. We need no "lightning calculator" or patent process of figuring to work out the sum suggested by statistics.

FOR THE BABY THAT SUCKS ITS THUMB

If you have need of more information upon the very unpleasant subject of vermin on the heads of children, I will be glad to give directions how to get rid of the disgrace in two days' time without injuring either the hair or the child's head, provided that the vermin was an accident and not a usual condition.

Whatever "V. B." will be kind enough to say upon the matter alluded to, or upon any other, will be most welcome.

Will she tell us of what material the mittens are made? Confirmed thumb suckers sometimes gnaw through cotton or linen bandages in the frantic effort to get down to the flesh. The habit is peculiar, bearing a humiliating resemblance to what is known as "crib-biting" in horses.

Types of Notable Women

Number Twelve



MRS. BALLINGTON BOOTH

Wife of the Commander of the Volunteers of America, known far and wide as a worker for the uplifting of mankind. In the prisons of the country they call her "the little mother."

SOME CEREALS FOR BREAKFAST

Imprimis:—In my humble opinion, confirmed by many years' observation and experience, every breakfast cereal should be preceded by fruit, or, if this is not procurable, by a drink of water or lemon juice and water, to cleanse the coat of the stomach from the mucous deposit that has gathered upon it during the sleeping hours.

OATMEAL PORRIDGE

A sarcastic dietician calls the "hailstone parritch" of the great "stand-by" of Auld Scotia "a sweetened poultice laid upon the diaphragm before breakfast." Granted! when it (the Scotch say "they") is undercooked, and over-sugared.

Even those varieties which their printed covers and your "competent" cook assure you need never be soaked, and are ready for the table after twenty minutes' boiling, are the better for soaking and long cooking. My own custom is to have the oatmeal measured into the inner boiler of a farina-kettle when the cook begins to cook dinner in the afternoon—say about half-past 5 o'clock. It is covered deep with cold water, salt is added, the lid is put on the kettle, and this is set at the back of the range. There it stays all night. Several times in the course of the evening it is stirred up from the bottom. Before the cook goes to bed she beats it up vigorously to prevent lumping. This process is repeated early in the morning, and if the water has boiled away much, more is added from the boiling kettle.

In the half hour immediately preceding breakfast the spoon does vigorous and thorough work, and just before the porridge is dished it is beaten hard for at least a minute, as one would beat batter light.

It goes to table a jelly, rather than a "poultice," and utterly unlike the stiff, granulated paste that passes in thousands of homes under the same name. To each cupful of oatmeal we allow a generous quart of cold water when it is put over the fire in the evening, and should it thicken unduly, more is added in the morning.

The Housewife's Exchange

Cold-Water Cure for Catarrhal Deafness to be Used With Caution

"Dear Madam: I have such faith in the cold water that I should like to help 'A. D. M.'"

"Let 'A. D. M.' try cold water for catarrhal deafness. Wet a cloth in cold water and wring out—not too dry. Wrap around throat and over ear, and cover with a dry cloth or not—whichever feels best. The feverish heat consequent on catarrh will all night keep turning this water into steam. The steam will be carrying off the fever, night after night. This must be done every night for months. Also take excellent care of the skin, keeping the pores well open. I have one of Prof. O. S. Fowler's books on 'Human Science,' which claims catarrh can be cured by putting a cold wet cloth over the face every night as far down as the nostrils and up over the forehead. As 'A. D. M.' has an affection of the throat, the cloth should be where the trouble is.

"Foot baths tend to draw matter from the head; also a wet girdle, worn night and day to promote circulation. Change the girdle night and morning, always hanging the one taken off in sun and air."

I break off this interesting letter at this point to say that the "wet pack" here described cannot be tried with impunity by every one. It is in high repute in foreign hospitals, notably in Switzerland, where typhoid fever is thus treated. Swiss doctors say, with marvelous success. In this country the system has so many adherents that I might well hesitate to demur at the universality of the practice, if I did not know through personal observation that a certain class of patients cannot bear such heroic measures. As with the cold bath, when the application of the cold, wet bandage is not speedily followed by a reactionary glow, the effect is the reverse of beneficial.

This word of caution need not discount the

value of our correspondent's proposed regimen, except in cases of imperfect circulation, a lowered general tone of health, and such physical idiosyncrasies as forbid cold shower and plunge baths. There are such exceptions to every general rule.

Our correspondent goes on to say:

1. I would like to know how to make rugs out of old pieces of goods and rags. Will you or some of the readers of this column tell me how?

2. Also will you tell me what Mrs. McKinley's (wife of our late lamented President) address is?

3. Also the address of a Woman's Exchange? I shall be very thankful for the information.

K. L. If you mean the braided rugs of New England kitch—as cut your straws less than an inch wide, and sew them neatly and strongly together as you would carpet rags. Then, braid three strands of the same color firmly together, changing and arranging the different tints according to taste. When you have a braid many yards long, sew it round and round with linen thread, upon the wrong side, into an oval or a circular rug. A substantial rug may be made by knitting these joined "rags" upon stout wooden needles. Their comeliness depends upon the combination of colors.

Perhaps some correspondent can tell us of a more modern method of making "rag rugs."

2. Mrs. McKinley's home is in Canton, Ohio.

3. There is an admirable Exchange in your own city. The Directory should give you the exact address.

The Exchange for Women's Work in Richmond, Va., corner of Fourth and East Franklin streets, is another excellent and successful organization of this kind.

THAT COLD PLUNGE IN THE MORNING

I am a stenographer 23 years of age, and weigh 100 pounds. I have been suffering from bronchitis for over a year, and have spent more money than I can really afford trying to secure relief, but without result.

1. I have been taking cold baths for about a week, but before continuing with them long enough for them to be harmful, I write to ask your advice as to whether you think I am doing well to take them, and if so, if you will not give me some points as to how long to stay in the water in the morning. Of course I take them as soon as I arise.

2. Do you think I should exercise before or after bathing, and for how long?

You have given so much good advice in your column to girl readers that I feel quite safe in coming to you for advice.

3. Please pardon me, Mrs. Harland, for

writing this note on the typewriter, but I thought it might be more easily read, and thus save some of your valuable time for some other girl.

D. O. L.

Read what I have said of cold baths in answer to "K. L." They work well upon a majority of constitutions. I hope yours may be one of these. Stay in the water just long enough to give yourself a vigorous scrubbing from head to foot. When you leave the water rub yourself dry and warm with a rough towel. By the time this has been done you should be in a glow to the tips of fingers and toes.

2. Exercise after bathing. If you will send me a stamped and self-addressed envelope I will tell you what I consider the best course of gymnastic exercises for you.

3. I thank you for using the typewriter. It spares my eyes, my time and my temper. I commend your example to all "my girls."

TO TAKE STAINS OUT OF WHITE TAFFETA

Will Marion Harland kindly tell me how to remove perspiration stains from a white taffeta waist? The waist is almost new, but very much discolored in places by perspiration.

A Friend in Need.

To be frank with you, I know of nothing that will quite remedy the mischief done by perspiration upon delicate colors or upon white. The latter case is the more hopeful because you have not the risk of taking out the color with the stain. Sponge first with alcohol and warm water to remove the fatty

particles. Rub dry with soft linen, and sponge with peroxide of hydrogen to bleach the stain. Should a trace remain, rub flour well into the spot. Leave for a day and brush.

"Please inform me how to clean a white bird which has been soiled on a hat."

"MRS. J. B."

Rub flour and salt in equal parts well into the feathers. Leave in a close box all night and brush well next day.

HOW TO KEEP THE GAS RANGE FREE FROM RUST

In reply to Mrs. S. D.'s request regarding "How to keep gas range free from rust," would say that I had the same trouble with mine, so I got plain black oil varnish, and after my stove cooled off, blackened or painted it all over, using a paint brush, except the top. This protects the iron, and may be washed off with soap and water. It takes the varnish four

or five hours to dry, and should not be used while stove is hot. It gives a pretty lustre and lasts a whole season.

A. L. R.

But does not the varnish give off a disagreeable odor when the fire is first lighted? All new varnished stoves have this disadvantage—the "new smell" familiar to housewife purchasers.

CAUSES OF FLAVOR IN DOMESTIC MILK

SCIENTISTS have made the rather unusual statement that the flavor of milk depends almost wholly on two influences—the inherent peculiarities of the animal and the food eaten by it.

They have also agreed on this point. Milk has been the subject of profound investigations for scores of years, but the results have been practically uniform. The most careful tests have been made, chemical and otherwise, and, therefore, scientists are able to speak with authority.

An investigation was made on the subject within the last few months by a celebrated chemist at the University of Königsberg. He conducted a series of tests that clearly proved the assertion made by brother scientists that the two influences named determine the individuality of milk. A Paris publication, quoting the Königsberg chemist, gives the following deductions from the tests:

"Cows were given various substances in their regular food, and record was kept not only of the influence of these on the flavor of the milk, but of the action of the milk on the health of the consumers. It was clearly observed that, although foods play a part—or, rather, certain foods, for some have no influence—there is also a very evident personal influence."

"Some cows give always, no matter what their food may be, a milk of strong or disagreeable flavor, which is apt to cause digestive troubles. In vain is the food changed; the flavor persists. We assume that the taste of the milk depends to a certain measure on the cow's food, but in a degree more important still on the inherent peculiarities of the animal."

FALL OF THE CAMPANILE AS SEEN BY AN AMERICAN GIRL

THE fall of the great Campanile in Venice, as seen by an American girl, cannot but be of deep interest to the people of this country. The young woman who witnessed Father Time's destruction of the historic pile in a letter to her family in New York, has given a description of it that is remarkable alike for its brevity and vividness. Her impressions cannot fail to give one an excellent idea of the crumbling of the building that had withstood the attacks of time for eleven centuries. Here is her letter:

"Yes, we are all safe. The tower did not fall on any of us, although I suppose we shall never be much nearer being buried alive than we were this morning."

"It came without any warning. We were on our way to Cook's, which is on the side where the crack first appeared. As we came down from the hotel we noticed a small crowd of people watching the tower, and some of the Piazza officials had placed a few boards around it to keep people from going up to it; but the crack was so slight that we asked where it was. We walked to the other side of the clock tower, and as we stood there bricks began to fall out of the crack."

"Some people thought that a corner of the tower might go, but no one was really there but a few tourists and some shopkeepers. We having lots to do went to Cook's, where we could see if anything had happened, and still attend to our business. Cook's men smiled at the Americans who thought that a tower which had

seen eleven hundred years could fall without any warning.

"Suddenly as we stood there a huge gap appeared from top to bottom, and then the whole thing seemed to groan and tremble, and, with apparently no sound, sunk in a heap where it stood; only the top poised itself a minute in mid-air, tipped, and fell crashing toward St. Mark's. Pieces of the gilt angel were picked up on the church steps; otherwise nothing but a pile of bricks and mortar was to be seen.

"We all stood in the doorway, too stunned to move. The people in the square fled panic-stricken in every direction. Instantly what appeared to be a solid wall of dirt and plaster rose from the mass as high as the tower had been and spread in every direction. I thought of course we should be suffocated, and a rush followed for the back of Cook's office."

"Everyone screamed to shut the doors, but there was none at hand, being separated and kept packed away all day. The dirt entered like a thick fog, and you could not distinguish your best friend. Fortunately it cleared away in a minute or so, enough to see where we were, and all were safe.

"Not even one woman fainted where we were, although the Italians were calling on heaven and earth. The dust was about two inches deep, huge rocks were against Cook's building, and I picked up a piece of one of the bronze bells on the other side of the square. Venice went wild of course, and the square was soon crowded by hundreds of mourning people. It was a very sad sight. All shops closed at once and everyone waited."

FRANCE SEEKING ASIATIC TRADE

FRANCE is making a strong bid for supremacy in Asia. Not by force of arms, but by the arts of peace. It has done much toward this end already, and now another important step is being taken in an international exhibition at the city of Ha-Nai, in French Indo-China. It opened on November 3 and closes early in January, 1903.

The exhibition is not universal, but is confined to the arts, industries, trade, etc., of France, the French colonies and the countries of the far East. The object is to bring together Asiatic and French commerce and producers, at the same showing the world the resources of those sections, their political economies and their accomplishments. The chief committees are headed by the Superior Council of Indo-China and the French of China and Japan.

The exhibition is built on the site of a former race course. Among the principal buildings is a central palace, 355 feet long. This contains the military, geological and meteorological displays, the special collections, the products of France and those of the Philippines, Malaya, the Straits Settlements, India, the Dutch Indies, Siam and Burmah. Separate pavilions are devoted to China, Japan, Corea, Manchuria, Siberia, machinery and the fine arts.

During December an Oriental congress will convene to discuss the peoples, the languages, archaeology and religion of those vast countries.

The exhibition is expected to be very valuable in the comparisons it offers between the workers, the processes and the results of European methods and Asiatic methods side by side.

DAILY LIFE OF A MILLIONAIRE WATCHED OVER BY HIS WIFE

ONE of the most extraordinary men in New York city is unquestionably Charles R. Flint, a man who began with nothing and is now worth more millions than he can count. In this land of fast fortunes, however, this is not a record sufficiently unusual to attract special attention. Of late years he has not often been mentioned in public, and the present reminder of him is the performance of his steam yacht Arrow, which recently covered a measured mile on the Hudson river at the rate of 42.25 miles an hour.

Mr. Flint is one of the few holders of great fortunes in the United States who has drawn nearly all their money, not from their countrymen, but from foreigners. His vast fortune has been accumulated almost wholly in the South American trade. He is also one of the few American millionaires whose efforts to accumulate money have not wrecked his health. His vast fortune has been accumulated almost wholly in the South American trade. He is also one of the few American millionaires whose efforts to accumulate money have not wrecked his health.

This man was to sail for Europe on the following morning; this dinner, therefore, was the only opportunity offered for talking the matter over. The two men became so engrossed in the discussion of the affair that time flew rapidly to them, and the dinner was somewhat prolonged in consequence. The ladies did not leave the table, and it was about 2.15 when the hostess finally gave the signal for going to the drawing room. Mr. Flint immediately joined the man whose conversation had so interested him. In a moment they were alone. Mr. Flint touched his husband on the arm.

"What is it, dear?" asked Mr. Flint.

"It will be half after 9 by the time we can get started home," his wife replied.

"Oh—ah—will it?" said Mr. Flint, looking under surprise.

Then he shook hands with his friends and said good-bye to his hostess and vanished. His wife, having stopped the important conversation in the middle of a sentence.

"It would take nothing less than an earthquake to keep Charles R. Flint out of the house after 9 by the time we can get started home," said one of the guests who knew him well.

He is as regular as clockwork in his meals; he smokes very moderately, drinks not at all and eats only the plainest and most wholesome food.

These things may explain why, in spite of the terrific business strain to which he has subjected himself for years, he has never had a serious illness. His step has the spring of early manhood, his eyes are bright, his skin is smooth and tanned with health, and his flowing side whiskers, mustache and hair are as black as they ever were. They show not one whitening hair.

PENILESS GIRLS DOING NEW WORK

"If we only lived in the city!" wailed a bright young girl. "I could earn pin money by table decorating. We country girls are a decided disadvantage as compared with the residents of the towns in the ways and means of making money."

This same girl set her wits to work, however, and in a few months was carrying on a brisk business at many big houses in the city. She had noticed that the florists never supply greens, or any kind of the flowers they sell to customers. Having obtained consent to supply the shopmen with the same, she set to work to gather wild grasses, ivy, long sprays of periwinkle from her country garden, off the delicate ferns that sprang from her greenhouse. In the autumn sprays of blackberry leaves and fruit, with Virginia creeper and bunches of mountain ash berries, came in useful. The pay for these was trifling, but the florist recommended her as a table decorator. She supplied her own greenery on these occasions and charged merely for the flowers and her time. This gave her a distinct advantage over other girls plying the same trade as herself, her work in time becoming fairly remunerative.

Another country girl, left penniless on the death of her father, had but one strong point, her horsemanship. She secured employment from one or two high-class horse dealers. Her duties consisted of daily exercising the women's hacks, putting them through their paces, jumping, riding to bounds, etc. By these means she earned a fair salary, coupled with a percentage on every horse she sold. One day she collected and delivered letters at the far-house. Then there is poultry rearing, bee keeping and various other things, all of which conditions may be made fairly lucrative by the country girl.